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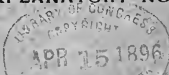
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ENOCH ARDEN AND OTHER POEMS

BY
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

SELECTED FOR USE IN SCHOOLS
WITH INTRODUCTORY AND EXPLANATORY NOTES



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ENOCH ARDEN

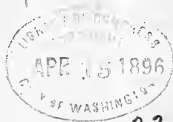
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INTRODUCTION.

A VOLUME of selections from the great representative English poet of the century, embodying much of his choicest and most characteristic work, may fitly be included among the issues of the "Standard Literature Series." Tennyson's writings worthily represent his age, and manifest many of the highest qualities of the thought and art of his time. Not only is his rank very high among the poets of his era, but he is also unsurpassed in the variety, interest, and charm of his work.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Tennyson's life is eventful only in connection with his writings. These, as they successively appeared, are the milestone marks in the ascending path of fame. The poet was born August 6, 1809, at Somersby Rectory, Lincolnshire, and his youth was passed amid such scenes as he has described in the pleasing verse of his earlier poems. His father, himself somewhat of a poet and artist, as well as a fine scholar, was the village rector; and Alfred was one of twelve children, seven of whom were sons. Two of the latter, Frederick and Charles (afterwards Charles Tennyson Turner), had poetic gifts; Charles, later on, joining Alfred in the publication of *Poems of Two Brothers*. The poet's mother was a woman of sweet and tender disposition. Alfred received his early training at the hands of his father, and, in due time, proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the chancellor's medal for the best English poem of his year. The subject was the rather uninspiring one of "Timbuctoo." At college, young Tennyson made the acquaintance of many men who attained fame in later life, among whom were Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Dean Alford, Frederick Denison Maurice, and, most endeared of all, Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian, whose memory he has immortalized in *In Memoriam*.

In 1830, appeared his *Poems chiefly Lyrical*, containing Mariana, Claribel, Lilián, The Owl, etc., experiments in contemplative verse, overloaded, however, with ornament. Two years later, came a new collection, entitled *Poems*, showing a ripening of Tennyson's powers and a further development of his art. The volume included Lady Clare, A Dream of Fair Women, The May Queen, New Year's Eve, The Miller's Daughter, The Lotus Eaters, and other finished pieces of great rhythmi-

cal beauty. Not a little of his work was at the time subjected to unfavorable criticism ; but in spite of this he continued to write and seek new and wider fields for his now rapidly developing poetic gifts.

In 1842, appeared two volumes, entitled *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*, which now won for him high rank as a poet of the first order. Many of these were new, though some were revisions of earlier productions. Among the former were *Morte d' Arthur* (now incorporated with the *Idylls of the King*), *Dora*, *The Lord of Burleigh*, *The Talking Oak*, *Locksley Hall*, *St. Simeon Stylites*, *Godiva*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Ulysses*, *Sir Galahad*, and the fragment "Break, Break, Break." *The Princess : a Medley*, was published in 1847, the motive of which is to illustrate woman's aspirations and indicate her place in relation to man. A later edition of the work was enriched by the songs which for their lyrical beauty are unsurpassed in literature.

In 1850, appeared *In Memoriam*, the now famous elegy, and perhaps the most characteristic product of Tennyson's genius. It gives noble expression to the poet's sorrow at the death of young Hallam, his once bosom friend. The work consists of a hundred and thirty short lyrics, all representing, as it has been said, "a phase of the poet's sorrow-brooding thought." *Maud*, a rather sentimental metrical romance, appeared in 1855, together with some fine additional poems. The volume contains *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, and an *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. In this year the University of Oxford conferred on Tennyson the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law ; while five years previously, on the death of Wordsworth, he had been awarded the English poet-laureateship.

During the years 1859-1872, appeared in successive instalments Tennyson's masterpiece, *Idylls of the King*, an epic of chivalry, interpreted by some as personifying in its various characters, the soul at war with the senses. The *Idylls* may be read as a mere narrative—a poetical rendering of the romantic stories that gather around the legendary King Arthur ; or as an allegory, opening with the birth of the soul as portrayed in *The Coming of Arthur*, and closing with its mystical vanishing, as recorded in *The Passing of Arthur*. In 1864, came *Enoch Arden and Other Poems*. The longer poem relates a simple but pathetic story of domestic life in a seafarer's home, which has won much favor for its rare idyllic beauty. It contains many fine descriptive passages not only of picturesque English hamlet life, but of rich tropic scenery on the desolate island upon which one of the characters (Enoch) has been cast. In the volume are *The Northern Farmer* (a dialect poem), *Aylmer's Field*, *Lucretius*, *Sea Dreams*, and *Tithonus*.

The more important minor pieces in Tennyson's later life include *De Profundis*, *Rizpah*, *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, and the spirited battle of the fleet, founded on an incident in the era of the Armada, entitled *The Revenge*. Other later productions are the volumes entitled *Tiresias*, *Demeter and other Poems*, *Akbar's Dream*, and *The Death of Ænone*. His more ambitious modern work, which is full of extraordinary vigor and freshness, includes a number of historical dramas, the chief of which are *Queen Mary*, *Harold*, and *Becket*. Two of these have been placed on the stage with fine effect; but their chief merit is as historical delineations of dramatic incidents in English history, enriched by vivid character-painting and distinguished by numerous passages of strenuous and lofty thought.

— In 1874, the poet became Lord Tennyson, a peerage having been conferred upon him as a tribute to his worth. His death occurred at Aldworth, his seat in Sussex, October 6, 1892, in his eighty-third year, and literature still mourns the great and tuneful Laureate.

POETRY AND RHYTHM.

The selections which are given in this volume will, it is believed, be found suited to the needs of pupils of the eighth and ninth school years in reading and studying one of the chief modern English poets.

The teacher may profitably arrange some preliminary class study of the nature and structure of poetry as distinguished from prose. Poetry has its own mission, to appeal to the feelings; its own style, poetic words, rare words, words obsolete in prose; its own arrangement, transposed order of words, elliptical expressions, omission of minor words; its own imagery, similes, metaphors, personifications, and other figures of speech, which are to the poet what color is to the painter. Poetry also has its own form—verses and stanzas as contrasted with sentences and paragraphs in prose.

It may have rhyme; it must have rhythm, the alternate stress and repression of the voice in reading. This metrical or measured succession of syllables depended, in the classic languages, on the way long and short syllables were made to succeed each other; but English metre depends upon the distinction of accented and unaccented syllables, as,

I fal'ter where' | I firm'ly trod.'

Bright'est and | best' of the | sons' of the | morn'ing.

I come' | o'er the mount'ains with light' | and song'.

These groups of two or three syllables, only one of which is accented,

are called *feet*. Each foot has one accented and one or two unaccented syllables. There are five different measures, as seen in the words: 1, beau'ty (trochee); 2, com-bine' (iambus); 3, mur'-muring (dactyl); 4, comple'tion (amphibrach); 5, colonnade' (anapest).

A *trochee* is a foot containing an accented, followed by an unaccented, syllable. An *iambus* is the reverse of the trochee, the unaccented syllable coming first. A *dactyl* is a foot of three syllables, the first accented. An *amphibrach* is a foot of three syllables, of which the second is accented. An *anapest* is a foot of three syllables, the third accented.

We frequently find substituted feet, an iambus for a trochee, a trochee for an iambus, a trochee or an iambus for a dactyl, or an anapest for a dactyl; but two accented syllables or three clearly pronounced unaccented syllables, are not brought together in the same foot. The trisyllabic metres have a tripping lightness that suggests the analogy of triple time in music.

A verse of two feet is called a dimeter; of three feet, a trimeter; of four feet, a tetrameter; of five feet, a pentameter; of six feet, a hexameter.

Enoch Arden is in iambic pentameter or heroic verse.

“Long lines' | of cliff' | break'ing | have left' | a chasm';
And in' | the chasm' | are foam' | and yel'low sand';”

An occasional trochee occurs, as | break'ing | in the first line.

The Defence of Lucknow is in dactylic hexameter verse.

Frail' were the | works' that defend'ed the | hold' that we | held' with
our | lives'—

Wom'en and | chil'dren a|mong' us, God | help' them, our | chil'dren
and | wives' !

Hold' it we | might'—and for | fif'teen | days' or for | twen'ty at | most.'

“Nev'er sur|ren'der, I | charge' you, but | ev'ery man | die' at his |
post'!”

These lines show the ordinary movement of this poem. The sixth foot of each line is uniformly incomplete, containing only its accented syllable. The reader finds an occasional substitution of a trochee for a dactyl, or in a few instances a supernumerary syllable, as at the end of the first and sixth lines. In the sixth line may also be noted the unusual occurrence of an amphibrach—two amphibrachs.

Hexameter was the heroic or epic measure of the Greeks and Romans. The sixth foot was regularly a spondee (two long syllables) and the fifth a dactyl.

Ring Out, Wild Bells is in iambic tetrameter verse,

Ring out', | wild bells', | to the' | wild sky',
The fly|ing cloud', | the frost'|y light'.

The Charge of the Light Brigade is in dactylic dimeter verse.

“ Half' a league, | half' a league,
Half' a league | on'ward,
All' in the | val'ley of | Death,
Rode' the | six' hundred.”

A trochee repeatedly takes the place of a dactyl, and sometimes a supernumerary syllable is found, as in the third line.

In oral reading of poetry, care should be taken while noting the metrical accents, to avoid a sing-song movement, and to make appropriate, delicate recognition of the cæsural and final pauses.

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ENOCK ARDEN, AND OTHER POEMS.

ENOCK ARDEN.

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm ;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands ;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster ; then a moulder'd church ; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill ;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down ¹
With Danish barrows ; ² and a hazel-wood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy ³ fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, ⁴ and boats up-drawn ;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

¹ hillock of sand thrown up by wind near
the shore.

³ dark colored.

⁴ part of anchor that fastens in the ground.

² heaps of earth or stones over burial places.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff :
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress ; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week :
" This is my house and this my little wife."
" Mine too," said Philip, " turn and turn about :"
When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made
Was master : then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out " I hate you, Enoch," and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl ; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence ; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him ;
But she loved Enoch ; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie : and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
On board a merchantman,¹ and made himself
Full sailor ; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas :

¹ trading vessel, distinguished from man-of-war.

And all men look'd upon him favorably :
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May,
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd¹ toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him)
 An hour behind ; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone² edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom ;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood ;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honorable toil ;
 With children ; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up

¹ rose steeply.

² sloping.

Than his had been, or hers ; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
Or often journeying landward ; for in truth
Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
In ocean-smelling osier,¹ and his face,
Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
Not only to the market-cross were known,
But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,²
And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven : thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea ;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbor, by mischance he slipt and fell :
A limb was broken when they lifted him ;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one :
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar : then he pray'd
"Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,

¹ osier (willow) basket.

² image of lion guarding the entrance.

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain.¹ Would he go ?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place ?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing : yet the wife—
When he was gone—the children—what to do ?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans ;
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her well—
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her !
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse—
And yet to sell her—then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives—
So might she keep the house while he was gone.
Should he not trade himself out yonder ? go
This voyage more than once ? yea twice or thrice—
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,
Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all :
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms ;

¹ highest non-commissioned officer of a ship, who musters the crew and transmits orders.

Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised ¹ his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt ²
Her finger, Annie fought against his will :
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain ;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused ; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,

¹ estimated.

² encircled.

Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him : and then he said
 " Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle " and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
 Nay—for I love him all the better for it—
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself ; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him ; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke " O Enoch, you are wise ;
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

" Well then," said Enoch, " I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day) ; get you a seaman's glass,
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
 And fear no more for me ; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God ; that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning ? if I flee to these¹
 Can I go from Him ? and the sea is His,
 The sea is His : He made it."²

Enoch rose,

Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones ;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
 "Wake him not ; let him sleep ; how should the child
 Remember this ?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it : this he kept
 Thro' all his future ; but now hastily caught
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain : perhaps
 She could not fix the glass to suit her eye ;
 Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous ;
 She saw him not : and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him ;
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,

¹ Psalm cxxxix. 7, etc.

² Psalm xcv. 5.

But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding "What would Enoch say?"
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold :
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it ; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.¹

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care : nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace,
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 "Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort ;" therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd ; but Annie, seated with her grief,

¹ excessive habitual sadness.

Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
“Annie, I want to ask a favor of you.”

He spoke ; the passion in her moan'd reply
“Favor from one so sad and so forlorn
As I am !” half abash'd him ; yet unask'd,
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
He set himself beside her, saying to her :

“I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband : I have ever said
You chose the best among us—a strong man :
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely ? not to see the world—
For pleasure ?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours : that was his wish.
And if he come again, vexed will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives ?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school :
This is the favor that I came to ask.”

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
 Answer'd "I cannot look you in the face ;
 I seem so foolish and so broken down.
 When you came in my sorrow broke me down ;
 And now I think your kindness breaks me down ;
 But Enoch lives ; that is borne in on me :
 He will repay you : money can be repaid ;
 Not kindness such as yours."

And Philip ask'd ✓

"Then you will let me, Annie ?"

There she turn'd,

She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
 And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
 Then calling down a blessing on his head
 Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
 And past into the little garth¹ beyond.
 So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
 And bought them needful books, and every way,
 Like one who does his duty by his own,
 Made himself theirs ; and tho' for Annie's sake,
 Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
 He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
 And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
 Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
 The late and early roses from his wall,
 Or conies² from the down, and now and then,
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

¹ yard ; garden.

² rabbits.

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind :
Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
Light on a broken word to thank him with.
But Philip was her children's all-in-all ;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily ;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they ;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gained
As Enoch lost ; for Enoch seem'd to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where : and so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them ; then they begg'd
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too :
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch'd with his mill, they found ; and saying to him
" Come with us Father Philip " he denied ;
But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them ? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail'd her ; and sighing, " Let me rest," she said :
So Philip rested with her well-content ;

While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously¹
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe² reluctant³ boughs to tear away
 Their tawny⁴ clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow : at last he said,
 Lifting his honest forehead, " Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood.
 Tired, Annie ? " for she did not speak a word.
 " Tired ? " but her face had fall'n upon her hands ;
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 " The ship was lost," he said, " the ship was lost !
 No more of that ! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite ? " And Annie said
 " I thought not of it : but—I know not why—
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 " Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living ; well then—let me speak :
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help :
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless—they say that women are so quick—

¹ wildly and noisily.

² pliant ; limber.

³ unwilling (figurative).

⁴ dull yellowish-brown color.

Perhaps you know what I would have you know—
I wish you for my wife. I fain¹ would prove
A father to your children : I do think
They love me as a father : I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own ;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of his creatures. Think upon it :
For I am well-to-do—no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours :
And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.”

Then answer'd Annie ; tenderly she spoke :
“ You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice ? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was ? what is it that you ask ? ”
“ I am content,” he answer'd, “ to be loved
A little after Enoch.” “ O ” she cried,
Scared as it were, “ dear Philip, wait a while :
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not come—
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long :
Surely I shall be wiser in a year :
O wait a little ! ” Philip sadly said
“ Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little.” “ Nay ” she cried
“ I am bound : you have my promise—in a year :
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine ? ”
And Philip answer'd “ I will bide my year.”

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day

¹ gladly.

Pass from the Danish barrow overhead ;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil ;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently " Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong,
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."
 Then Annie weeping answer'd " I am bound."

She spoke ; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. " Is it a year ?" she ask'd.
 " Yes, if the nuts " he said " be ripe again :
 Come out and see." But she—she put him off—
 So much to look to—such a change—a month—
 Give her a month—she knew that she was bound—
 A month—no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 " Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him ;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,¹

¹ the gossips began to think they were mistaken in their surmises.

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her ;
Some that she but held off to draw him on ;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folk that knew not their own minds,
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish ;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty ;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan ; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign " my Enoch is he gone ? "
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,¹
" Under the palm-tree." That was nothing to her :
No meaning there : she closed the Book and slept :
When lo ! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun :
" He is gone," she thought, " he is happy, he is sing-
ing
Hosanna in the highest : yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried

¹ the attempt to ascertain the will of God by opening the Bible and selecting the first verse the eye lights upon, is characteristic of illiterate or superstitious people.

‘Hosanna in the highest!’” Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
 “There is no reason why we should not wed.”
 “Then for God’s sake,” he answer’d, “both our sakes,
 So you will wed me, let it be at once.”

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie’s heart.
 A footstep seem’d to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence ; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what ; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail’d her then, that ere she enter’d, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
 Fearing to enter : Philip thought he knew :
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child : but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew’d,
 Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch ? prosperously sail’d
 The ship “Good Fortune,” tho’ at setting forth
 The Biscay,¹ roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm’d her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,²
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape³
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro’ the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,⁴
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

¹ bay west of France and north of Spain.
² torrid zone.

³ Cape of Good Hope, near the southern
 extremity of Africa.

⁴ East Indies.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage : at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows :
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them ; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots ;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that might of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
The two remaining found a fallen stem ;
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
Fire-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell

Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's¹ drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses²
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw ; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail :
No sail from day to day, but every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices ;
The blaze upon the waters to the east ;
The blaze upon his island overhead ;
The blaze upon the waters to the west ;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,

¹ palm-tree that produces the coco(cocoa) nut.

² twining or trailing herbs or shrubs.

A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes.
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—
He heard the pealing of his parish bells ;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay :
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away

In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamor. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what : and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran ;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand ;
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce-credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it :
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home ;
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his country, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy ; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
 He like a lover down thro' all his blood
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall :
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it :
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbor whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
 But homeward—home—what home ? had he a home ?

His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of wither'd holt¹ or tilth² or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down :
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me !"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone ; but he was gone
Who kept it ; and his widow Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house ;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

¹ piece of woodland.

² tillage ground.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,¹
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him, with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
 So broken—all the story of his house.
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child : and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion : any one,
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller : only when she closed
 "Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,²
 Repeated muttering "cast away and lost ;"
 Again in deeper inward whispers "lost !"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again ;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below ;
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward ; but behind,

¹ talkative.

² sadly.

With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd :
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle,¹ and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth :
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd ;
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—

¹ coarse gravel, from the shores of rivers or the sea.

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

“Too hard to bear ! why did they take me thence ?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer ! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too ! must I not speak to these ?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never : no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.”

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced ; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went

Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
"Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
He said to Miriam "that you spoke about,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
"Ay, ay, poor soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
"After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
I wait his time," and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labor for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall

The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last."
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
"Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
Before I tell you—swear upon the book
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
"Dead," clamor'd the good woman, "hear him talk !
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
"Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
"Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
"Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street ;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her ;
"His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live ;
I am the man." At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, ¹ half-hysterical cry.
"You Arden, you ! nay,—sure he was a foot
Higher than you be." Enoch said again
"My God has bow'd me down to what I am ;
My grief and solitude have broken me ;
Nevertheless, know you that I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,

¹ half-doubting.

His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,
Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes ;
But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
Saying only " See your bairns ' before you go !
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied :

" Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again ; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her ;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too ;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father ; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be :
This hair is his : she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,

¹ children (Scotch).

And thought to bear it with me to my grave ;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss : wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her :
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

He ceased ; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble ¹ answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice " A sail ! a sail !
I am saved ;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

¹ fluently uttered.

THE COMING OF ARTHUR.

[Arthur, a prince of Britain, and hero of the famous romances of the Round Table, is supposed to have flourished in the fifth or sixth century, during the dark period which occurred between the evacuation of Britain by the Romans and the conquest of that island by the Saxons. The authentic accounts of his deeds are so scanty that his existence has been doubted by some antiquaries. Tennyson makes this Arthur the hero of his "Idylls of the King," from which "The Coming of Arthur" and "The Passing of Arthur" are taken.]

LEODOGRAN, the King of Cameliard,¹
Had one fair daughter, and none other child;
And she was fairest of all flesh on earth,
Guinevere, and in her his one delight.

For many a petty king ere Arthur came
Ruled in this isle, and ever waging war
Each upon other, wasted all the land;
And still from time to time the heathen host
Swarm'd overseas, and harried² what was left.
And so there grew great tracts of wilderness,
Wherein the beast was ever more and more,
But man was less and less, till Arthur came.
For first Aurelius lived and fought and died,
And after him King Uther fought and died,
But either fail'd to make the kingdom one.
And after these King Arthur for a space,
And thro' the puissance³ of his Table Round,
Drew all their petty princedoms under him,
Their king and head, and made a realm, and reign'd.

And thus the land of Cameliard was waste,
Thick with wet woods, and many a beast therein,

¹ mythical place.

² ravaged ; plundered.

³ power.

And none or few to scare or chase the beast ;
So that wild dog, and wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King.
And ever and anon the wolf would steal
The children and devour, but now and then,
Her own brood lost or dead, lent her fierce teat
To human sucklings ; and the children, housed
In her foul den, there at their meat would growl,
And mock their foster-mother on four feet,
Till, straighten'd, they grew up to wolf-like men,
Worse than the wolves. And King Leodogran
Groan'd for the Roman legions ' here again,
And Cæsar's eagle : then his brother king,
Urien, assailed him : last a heathen horde,
Reddening the sun with smoke and earth with blood.
And on the spike that split the mother's heart
Spitting the child, brake on him, till, amazed,
He knew not whither he should turn for aid.

But—for he heard of Arthur newly crown'd,
Tho' not without an uproar made by those
Who cried, “ He is not Uther's son ”—the King
Sent to him, saying, “ Arise, and help us thou !
For here between the man and beast we die.”

And Arthur yet had done no deed of arms,
But heard the call, and came : and Guinevere
Stood by the castle walls to watch him pass ;
But since he neither wore on helm or shield
The golden symbol of his kinglihood,
But rode a simple knight among his knights,
And many of these in richer arms than he,

¹ soldiers (Cæsar invaded Britain 55 B. C. The last Roman soldiers were withdrawn

She saw him not, or mark'd not, if she saw,
One among many, tho' his face was bare.
But Arthur, looking downward as he past,
Felt the light of her eyes into his life
Smite on the sudden, yet rode on, and pitch'd
His tents beside the forest. Then he drave
The heathen; after, slew the beast, and fell'd
The forest, letting in the sun, and made
Broad pathways for the hunter and the knight
And so return'd.

For while he linger'd there,
A doubt that ever smoulder'd in the hearts
Of those great Lords and Barons of his realm
Flash'd forth and into war : for most of these,
Colleagu¹ing with a score of petty kings,
Made head against him, crying, " Who is he
That he should rule us ? who hath proven him
King Uther's son ? for lo ! we look at him,
And find nor face nor bearing, limbs nor voice,
Are like to those of Uther whom we knew.
This is the son of Gorlois, not the King ;
This is the son of Anton, not the King."

And Arthur, passing thence to battle, felt
Travail,² and throes and agonies of the life,
Desiring to be join'd with Guinevere ;
And thinking as he rode, " Her father said
That there between the man and beast they die.
Shall I not lift her from this land of beasts
Up to my throne, and side by side with me ?
What happiness to reign a lonely king,
Vext—O ye stars that shudder over me,
O earth that soundest hollow under me,

¹ uniting.

² severe pain.

Vext with waste dreams ? for saving I be join'd
To her that is the fairest under heaven,
I seem as nothing in the mighty world,
And cannot will my will, nor work my work
Wholly, nor make myself in mine own realm
Victor and lord. But were I join'd with her,
Then might we live together as one life,
And reigning with one will in everything
Have power in this dark land to lighten it,
And power on this dead world to make it live."

Thereafter—as he speaks who tells the tale—
When Arthur reach'd a field-of-battle bright
With pitch'd pavilions of his foe, the world
Was all so clear about him, that he saw
The smallest rock far on the faintest hill,
And even in high day the morning star.
So when the King had set his banner broad,
At once from either side, with trumpet-blast,
And shouts, and clarions shrilling unto blood,
The long-lanced battle let their horses run.
And now the Barons and the kings prevail'd,
And now the King, as here and there that war
Went swaying; but the Powers who walk the world
Made lightnings and great thunders over him,
And dazed all eyes, till Arthur by main might,
And mightier of his hands with every blow,
And leading all his knighthood threw the kings
Carádos, Urien, Cradlemon of Wales,
Claudias, and Clariance of Northumberland,
The King Brandagoras of Latangor,
With Anguisant of Erin, Morganore,
And Lot of Orkney. Then, before a voice
As dreadful as the shout of one who sees
To one who sins, and deems himself alone

And all the world asleep, they swerved and brake
 Flying, and Arthur call'd to stay the brands '
 That hack'd among the flyers, "Ho ! they yield !"
 So like a painted battle the war stood
 Silenced, the living quiet as the dead,
 And in the heart of Arthur joy was lord.
 He laugh'd upon his warrior whom he loved
 And honor'd most. "Thou dost not doubt me King,
 So well thine arm hath wrought for me to-day."
 "Sir and my liege," he cried, "the fire of God
 Descends upon thee in the battle-field:
 I know thee for my King !" Whereat the two,
 For each had warded either in the fight,
 Sware on the field of death a deathless love.
 And Arthur said, "Man's word is God in man:
 Let chance what will, I trust thee to the death."

Then quickly from the foughten field he sent
 Ulfus, and Brastias, and Bedivere,
 His new-made knights, to King Leodogran,
 Saying, "If I in aught have served thee well,
 Give me thy daughter Guinevere to wife."

Whom when he heard, Leodogran in heart
 Debating—"How should I that am a king,
 However much he help² me at my need,
 Give my one daughter saving³ to a king,
 And a king's son ?"—lifted his voice, and call'd
 A hoary man, his chamberlain, to whom
 He trusted all things, and of him required
 His counsel : "Knowest thou aught of Arthur's
 birth ?"

Then spake the hoary chamberlain and said,
 "Sir King, there be but two old men that know :

¹ swords.² (old form for) help.³ except.

And each is twice as old as I ; and one
Is Merlin, the wise man that ever served
King Uther thro' his magic art ; and one
Merlin's master (so they call him) Bleys,
Who taught him magic ; but the scholar ran
Before the master, and so far, that Bleys
Laid magic by, and sat him down, and wrote
All things and whatsoever Merlin did
In one great annal-book, where after years
Will learn the secret of our Arthur's birth."

To whom the King Leodogran replied,
"O friend, had I been holpen half at well
By this King Arthur as by thee to-day,
Then beast and man had had their share of me :
But summon here before us yet once more
Ulfius, and Brastias, and Bevidere."

Then, when they came before him, the King said,
"I have seen the cuckoo chased by lesser fowl,
And reason in the chase : but wherefore now
Do these your lords stir up the heat of war,
Some calling Arthur born of Gorlois,
Others of Anton ? Tell me, ye yourselves,
Hold ye this Arthur for King Uther's son ?"

And Ulfius and Brastias answer'd, "Ay."
Then Bedivere, the first of all his knights
Knighted by Arthur at his crowning, spake—
For bold in heart and act and word was he,
Whenever slander breathed against the King—

"Sir, there be many rumors on this head :
For there be those who hate him in their hearts,
Call him baseborn, and since his ways are sweet,

And theirs are bestial, hold him less than man :
And there be those who deem him more than man,
And dream he dropt from heaven.

[The extended account of the rumors is here omitted. Bedivere concludes by announcing the one essential fact that Merlin, who knows Arthur's antecedents, has proclaimed him Uther's heir, and king.]

“ This year, when Merlin (for his hour had come)
Brought Arthur forth, and set him in the hall,
Proclaiming, ‘ Here is Uther’s heir, your king,’
A hundred voices cried, ‘ Away with him !
No king of ours ! a son of Gorlois he,
Or else the child of Anton, and no king,
Or else baseborn.’ Yet Merlin thro’ his craft,
And while the people clamor’d for a king,
Had Arthur crown’d ; but after, the great lords
Banded, and so brake out in open war.”

Then while the King debated with himself
If indeed there were truth in anything
Said by these three, there came to Cameliard,
With Gawain and young Modred, her two sons,
Lot’s wife, the Queen of Orkney, Bellicent ;
Whom as he could, not as he would, the King
Made feast for, saying, as they sat at meat,

“ A doubtful throne is ice on summer seas.
Ye come from Arthur’s court. Victor his men
Report him ! Yea, but ye—think ye this king—
So many those that hate him, and so strong,
So few his knights, however brave they be—
Hath body enow to hold his foemen down ? ”

“ O King,” she cried, “ and I will tell thee : few,
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him ;

For I was near him when the savage yells
 Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat
 Crown'd on the daïs,¹ and his warriors cried,
 'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will
 Who love thee.' Then the King in low deep tones,
 And simple words of great authority,
 Bound them by so strait vows to his own self,
 That when they rose, knighted from kneeling, some
 Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,
 Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who wakes
 Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round
 With large divine and comfortable words
 Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld
 From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash
 A momentary likeness of the King :
 And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross
 And those around it and the Crucified,
 Down from the casement over Arthur, smote
 Flame color, vert² and azure³, in three rays,
 One falling upon each of three fair queens,
 Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends
 Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright
 Sweet faces, who will help him at his need.

"And there I saw Mage⁴ Merlin, whose vast wit
 And hundred winters are but as the hands
 Of loyal vassals toiling for their liege.

"And near him stood the Lady of the Lake,
 Who knows a subtler magic than his own—
 Clothed in white samite,⁵ mystic, wonderful.

¹ platform supporting chief seat, sometimes
 canopied.

² green.

³ blue.

⁴ magician.

⁵ rich silk fabric interwoven with gold.

She gave the King his huge cross-hilted sword,
 Whereby to drive the heathen out: a mist
 Of incense curl'd about her, and her face
 Wellnigh was hidden in the minster¹ gloom;
 But there was heard among the holy hymns
 A voice as of the waters, for she dwells
 Down in a deep, calm, whatsoever storms
 May shake the world, and when the surface rolls,
 Hath power to walk the waters² like our Lord.

“There likewise I beheld Excalibur³
 Before him at his crowning borne, the sword
 That rose from out the bosom of the lake,
 And Arthur row'd across and took it—rich
 With jewels, elfin Urim,⁴ on the hilt,
 Bewildering heart and eye—the blade so bright
 That men are blinded by it—on one side,
 Graven in the oldest tongue of all this world,
 ‘Take me,’ but turn the blade and ye shall see,
 And written in the speech ye speak yourself,
 ‘Cast me away!’ And sad was Arthur’s face
 Taking it, but old Merlin counsell’d him,
 ‘Take thou and strike! the time to cast away
 Is yet far-off.’ So this great brand the king
 Took, and by this will beat his foemen down.”

Thereat Leodogran rejoiced, but thought
 To sift his doubtings to the last, and ask'd,
 Fixing full eyes of question on her face,
 “The swallow and the swift are near akin,
 But thou art closer to this noble prince,
 Being his own dear sister;” and she said,

¹ cathedral.

² Matt. xiv. 25.

³ name of the famous mystic sword which
 was given King Arthur. See, in the “Pass-

ing of Arthur,” page 60, account of its being
 “cast away.”

⁴ allusion to Aaron’s breastplate of judg-
 ment. Exodus xxviii. 30.

“ Daughter of Gorloïs and Ygerne am I ; ”
“ And therefore Arthur’s sister ? ” ask’d the King.
She answer’d, “ These be secret things,” and sign’d
To those two sons to pass and let them be.
And Gawain went, and breaking into song
Sprang out, and follow’d by his flying hair
Ran like a colt, and leapt at all he saw :
But Modred laid his ear beside the doors,
And there half-heard ; the same that afterward
Struck for the throne, and striking found his doom.

And then the Queen made answer, “ What know I ?
For dark my mother was in eyes and hair,
And dark in hair and eyes am I ; and dark
Was Gorloïs, yea and dark was Uther too,
Wellnigh to blackness ; but this King is fair
Beyond the race of Britons and of men.
Moreover, always in my mind I hear
A cry from out the dawning of my life,
A mother weeping, and I hear her say,
‘ O that ye had some brother, pretty one,
To guard thee on the rough ways of the world.’ ”

“ Ay,” said the King, “ and hear ye such a cry ?
But when did Arthur chance upon thee first ? ”

“ O King ! ” she cried, “ and I will tell thee true :
He found me first when yet a little maid :
Beaten I had been for a little fault
Whereof I was not guilty ; and out I ran
And flung myself down on a bank of heath,¹
And hated this fair world and all therein,
And wept, and wish’d that I were dead ; and he—
I know not whether of himself he came,

¹ flowering shrub, widely diffused in Great Britain.

Or brought by Merlin, who, they say, can walk
Unseen at pleasure—he was at my side
And spake sweet words, and comforted my heart,
And dried my tears, being a child with me.
And many a time he came, and evermore
As I grew greater grew with me ; and sad
At times he seem'd, and sad with him was I,
Stern too at times, and then I loved him not,
But sweet again, and then I loved him well.
And now of late I see him less and less,
But those first days had golden hours for me,
For then I surely thought he would be king.

“ But let me tell thee now another tale :
For Bleys, our Merlin's master, as they say,
Died but of late, and sent his cry to me,
To hear him speak before he left his life.
Shrunk like a fairy changeling ¹ lay the mage ;
And when I enter'd told me that himself
And Merlin ever served about the King,
Uther, before he died ; and on the night
When Uther in Tintagil ² past away
Moaning and wailing for an heir, the two
Left the still King, and passing forth to breathe,
Then from the castle gateway by the chasm
Descending thro' the dismal night—a night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost—
Beheld, so high upon the dreary deeps
It seem'd in heaven, a ship, the shape thereof
A dragon wing'd, and all from stem to stern
Bright with a shining people on the decks,
And gone as soon as seen. And then the two
Dropt to the cove, and watch'd the great sea fall,

¹ child left or taken in place of another,
as by fairies.

² also spelled Tintagel ; a place in the
southwest of England, near the sea.

Wave after wave, each mightier than the last,
Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep
And full of voices, slowly rose and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame :
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoopt and caught the babe, and cried 'The
King !

Here is an heir for Uther !' And the fringe
Of that great breaker, sweeping up the strand,
Lash'd at the wizard as he spake the word,
And all at once all round him rose in fire,
So that the child and he were clothed in fire.
And presently thereafter follow'd calm,
Free sky and stars : 'And this same child,' he said,
'Is he who reigns ; nor could I part in peace
Till this were told.' And saying this the seer
Went thro' the strait and dreadful pass of death,
Not ever to be question'd any more
Save on the further side ; but when I met
Merlin, and ask'd him if these things were truth—
The shining dragon and the naked child
Descending in the glory of the seas—
He laugh'd as is his wont, and answer'd me
In riddling triplets of old time, and said :

“ ‘Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow in the sky !
A young man will be wiser by and by ;
An old man's wit may wander ere he die.

Rain, rain, and sun ! a rainbow on the lea !
And truth is this to me, and that to thee ;
And truth or clothed or naked let it be.

Rain, sun, and rain ! and the free blossom blows :
Sun, rain, and sun ! and where is he who knows ?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.’

“ So Merlin riddling anger’d me ; but thou
Fear not to give this King thine only child,
Guinevere : so great bards of him will sing
Hereafter ; and dark sayings from of old
Ranging and ringing thro’ the minds of men,
And echo’d by old folk beside their fires
For comfort after their wage-work is done,
Speak of the King ; and Merlin in our time
Hath spoken also, not in jest, and sworn
Tho’ men may wound him that he will not die,
But pass, again to come ; and then or now
Utterly smite the heathen underfoot,
Till these and all men hail him for their king.”

She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,
But musing “ Shall I answer yea or nay ? ”
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,
Field after field, up to a height, the peak
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,
Now looming, and now lost ; and on the slope
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was driven,
Fire glimpsed ; and all the land from roof and
rick,
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,
Stream’d to the peak, and mingled with the haze
And made it thicker ; while the phantom king
Sent out at times a voice ; and here or there
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest
Slew on and burnt, crying, “ No king of ours,
No son of Uther, and no king of ours ; ”
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze
Descended, and the solid earth became
As nothing, but the King stood out in heaven,
Crown’d. And Leodogran awoke, and sent

Ulfus, and Brastias and Bedivere,
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea.

Then Arthur charged his warrior whom he loved
And honor'd most, Sir Lancelot, to ride forth
And bring the Queen ;—and watch'd him from the
gates :

And Lancelot past away among the flowers,
(For then was latter April) and return'd
Among the flowers, in May, with Guinevere.
To whom arrived, by Dubric the high saint,
Chief of the church in Britain, and before
The stateliest of her altar-shrines, the King
That morn was married, while in stainless white,
The fair beginners of a nobler time,
And glorying in their vows and him, his knights
Stood round him, and rejoicing in his joy.
Far shone the fields of May thro' open door,
The sacred altar blossom'd white with May,

The Sun of May descended on their King,
They gazed on all earth's beauty in their Queen,
Roll'd incense, and there past along the hymns
A voice as of the waters, while the two
Swore at the shrine of Christ a deathless love :
And Arthur said, " Behold, thy doom is mine.
Let chance what will, I love thee to the death !"
To whom the Queen replied with drooping eyes,
" King and my lord, I love thee to the death !"
And holy Dubric spread his hands and spake,
" Reign ye, and live and love, and make the world
Other, and may thy Queen be one with thee,
And all this Order of thy Table Round
Fulfil the boundless purpose of their King !"

So Dubric said ; but when they left the shrine
Great Lords from Rome before the portal stood,
In scornful stillness gazing as they past ;
Then while they paced a city all on fire
With sun and cloth of gold, the trumpets blew,
And Arthur's knighthood sang before the King :—

“ Blow trumpet, for the world is white with May ;
Blow trumpet, the long night hath roll'd away !
Blow thro' the living world—‘ Let the King reign.’

“ Shall Rome or Heathen rule in Arthur's realm ?
Flash brand and lance, fall battleaxe upon helm,
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign.

“ Blow, for our Sun is mighty in his May !
Blow, for our Sun is mightier day by day !
Clang battleaxe, and clash brand ! Let the King
reign.

“ The King will follow Christ, and we the King
In whom high God hath breathed a secret thing.
Fall battleaxe, and flash brand ! Let the King reign.”

So sang the knighthood, moving to their hall.
There at the banquet those great Lords from Rome,
The slowly-fading mistress of the world,
Strode in, and claim'd their tribute as of yore.
But Arthur spake, “ Behold, for these have sworn
To wage my wars, and worship me their King ;
The old order changeth, yielding place to new ;
And we that fight for our fair father Christ,
Seeing that ye be grown too weak and old
To drive the heathen from your Roman wall,
No tribute will we pay ” : so those great lords
Drew back in wrath, and Arthur strove with Rome.

And Arthur and his knighthood for a space
Were all one will, and thro' that strength the King
Drew in the petty pryncedoms under him,
Fought, and in twelve great battles overcame
The heathen hordes, and made a realm and reigned.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

THAT story which the bold Sir Bedivere,
First made and latest left of all the knights,
Told, when the man was no more than a voice
In the white winter of his age, to those
With whom he dwelt, new faces, other minds.

For on their march to westward, Bedivere,
Who slowly paced among the slumbering host,
Heard in his tent the moanings of the King :

“I found Him in the shining of the stars,
I mark'd Him in the flowering of His fields,
But in His ways with men I find Him not.
I waged His wars, and now I pass and die.
O me ! for why is all around us here
As if some lesser god had made the world,
But had not force to shape it as he would,
Till the High God behold it from beyond,
And enter it, and make it beautiful ?
Or else as if the world were wholly fair,
But that these eyes of men are dense and dim,
And have not power to see it as it is :
Perchance, because we see not to the close ;—
For I, being simple, thought to work His will,
And have but stricken with the sword in vain ;
And all whereon I lean'd in wife and friend
Is traitor to my peace, and all my realm
Reels back into the beast, and is no more.
My God, thou hast forgotten me in my death :
Nay—God my Christ—I pass but shall not die.”

Then, ere that last weird battle in the west,
There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill'd
In Lancelot's¹ war, the ghost of Gawain blown
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear
Went shrilling, "Hollow, hollow all delight!
Hail, King! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.
And I am blown along a wandering wind,
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight."
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change
Their season in the night and wail their way
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the dream
Shrill'd; but in going mingled with dim cries
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,
As of some lonely city sack'd by night,
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call'd,
"Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim cries
Thine? or doth all that haunts the waste and wild
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?"

This heard the bold Sir Bedivere and spake:
"O me, my King, let pass whatever will,
Elves, and the harmless glamour² of the field:
But in their stead thy name and glory cling
To all high places like a golden cloud
For ever: but as yet thou shalt not pass.
Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
Is Gawain, for the ghost is as the man;
And care not thou for dreams from him, but rise—
I hear the steps of Modred in the west,
And with him many of thy people, and knights

¹ one of Arthur's knights.

² charm making one see things different from what they are.

Once thine, whom thou hast loved, but grosser grown
Than heathen, spitting at their vows and thee.
Right well in heart they know thee for the King.
Arise, go forth and conquer as of old."

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" Far other is this battle in the west
Where to we move, than when we strove in youth,
And brake the petty kings, and fought with Rome,
Or thrust the heathen from the Roman wall,
And shook him thro' the north. Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me.
Yet let us hence, and find or feel a way
Thro' this blind haze, which ever since I saw
One lying in the dust at Almesbury,¹
Hath folded in the passes of the world."

Then rose the King and moved his host by night,
And ever push'd Sir Modred, league by league,
Back to the sunset bound of Lyonesse²—
A land of old upheaven from the abyss
By fire, to sink into the abyss again ;
Where fragments of forgotten peoples dwelt,
And the long mountains ended in a coast
Of ever-shifting sand, and far away
The phantom circle of a moaning sea.
There the pursuer could pursue no more,
And he that fled no further fly the King ;
And there, that day when the great light of heaven

¹ mythical place.

² a mythical region in southwestern England, said by some to be the land from which Arthur came.

Burn'd at his lowest in the rolling year,
On the waste sand by the waste sea they closed.
Nor ever yet had Arthur fought a fight
Like this last, dim, weird battle of the west.
A deathwhite mist slept over sand and sea :
Whereof the chill, to him who breathed it, drew
Down with his blood, till all his heart was cold
With formless fear ; and ev'n on Arthur fell
Confusion, since he saw not whom he fought.
For friend and foe were shadows in the mist,
And friend slew friend not knowing whom he slew ;
And some had visions out of golden youth,
And some beheld the faces of old ghosts
Look in upon the battle ; and in the mist
Was many a noble deed, many a base,
And chance and craft and strength in single fights,
And ever and anon with host to host
Shocks, and the splintering spear, the hard mail¹
 hewn,
Shield-breakings, and the clash of brands, the crash
Of battleaxes on shatter'd helms, and shrieks
After the Christ, of those who falling down
Look'd up for heaven, and only saw the mist ;
And shouts of heathen and the traitor knights,
Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, laboring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead.

Last, as by some one deathbed after wail
Of suffering, silence follows, or thro' death
Or deathlike swoon, thus over all that shore,
Save for some whisper of the seething seas,
A dead hush fell ; but when the dolorous² day

¹ coat of mail.² sorrowful.

Grew drearier toward twilight falling, came
A bitter wind, clear from the North, and blew
The mist aside, and with that wind the tide
Rose, and the pale King glanced across the field
Of battle : but no man was moving there ;
Nor any cry of Christian heard thereon,
Nor yet of heathen ; only the wan wave
Brake in among dead faces, to and fro
Swaying the helpless hands, and up and down
Tumbling the hollow helmets of the fallen,
And shiver'd brands that once had fought with Rome,
And rolling far along the gloomy shores
The voice of days of old and days to be.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere,
And whiter than the mist that all day long
Had held the field of battle was the King :

“ Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world,
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,
And beats upon the faces of the dead,
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me ? —
O Bedivere, for on my heart hath fall'n
Confusion, till I know not what I am,
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.
Behold, I seem but King among the dead.”

Then spake the bold Sir Bedivere : “ My King,
King everywhere ! and so the dead have kings,
There also will I worship thee as King.
Yet still thy life is whole, and still I live
Who loves thee ; but who hates thee, he that brought
The heathen back among us, yonder stands,
Modred, unharm'd, the traitor of thine house.”

Then spake the King : “ My house hath been my doom.

But call not thou this traitor of my house
Who hath but dwelt beneath one roof with me.
My house are rather they who sware my vows,
Yea, even while they brake them, own'd me King.
And well for thee, saying in my dark hour,
When all the purport of my throne hath fail'd,
That quick or dead thou holdest me for King.
King am I, whatsoever be their cry ;
And one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass.” And uttering this the King
Made at the man : then Modred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin ; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's Table, man by man,
Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their lord,
King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him.
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land :
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot,¹ as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made,—
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more ; but, let what will to be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,²
 Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known :
 But now delay not : take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere :³
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm"—
 A little thing may harm a wounded man ;
 Yet I thy hest⁴ will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept,
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the seawind sang

¹ town where King Arthur is supposed to have held his court.

² see what is said of this sword in "Coming of Arthur," p. 46.

³ lake.

⁴ helmet.

⁵ behest ; command.

Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
“ Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again,
As thou art lief ¹ and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good shall follow this, if this were done ?
What harm, undone ? Deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable, against himself ?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt ? But were this kept,
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust ² of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."

¹ beloved.

² mock encounter on horseback.

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
“ What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? ”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.”

To whom replied King Arthur much in wrath :
“ Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me !
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence :
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands.”

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock

By night, with noises of the Northern Sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
“ Now see I by thine eyes that this is done,
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ?

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
“ My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,

And would have spoken, but he found not words ;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels—
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold : and from them
rose

A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
So to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque,¹ and chafed his
hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against a brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves² and cuisses³ dash'd with drops
Of onset ;⁴ and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne⁵—were parch'd with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shatter'd column lay the King :
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy elders⁶ with the gift of myrrh.

¹ helmet. ² armor for the legs.

³ defensive armor for the thighs.

⁴ violent attack.

⁵ throne with canopy over it.

⁶ wise men from the East, that presented gifts to the infant Jesus.

But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If you shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan

That, fluting¹ a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past forevermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb,²
The last hard footstep of that iron crag ;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried,
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again ; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need ?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world,
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,

¹ singing in a clear, soft note like that of a flute.

² poetical word for climbed.

Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,
Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

COLUMBUS.

The third voyage of Columbus resulted in the discovery of the South American mainland. In 1500 Bobadilla (Bovadilla) was sent out to ascertain the condition of the colony at San Domingo under Columbus. On his arrival he caused that illustrious man to be arrested and sent in chains to Spain, where he was kindly received by his sovereigns, and reinstated in his honors.

This poem represents Columbus as talking to some friend who visited him in his confinement.

CHAINS, my good lord : in your raised brows I read
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.
We brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit him
Whom once he rose from off his throne to greet
Before his people, like his brother king ?
I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona¹—tho' you were not then
So bearded. Yes. The city deck'd herself
To meet me, roar'd my name ; the king, the queen
Bade me be seated, speak, and tell them all
The story of my voyage, and while I spoke
The crowd's roar fell as at the " Peace, be still !"
And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen,
Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears,
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice
In praise to God who led me thro' the waste.
And then the great " Laudamus "² rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean ! chains
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,
As holy John had prophesied of me,
Gave glory and more empire to the kings

¹ chief commercial city of Spain, on the northern portion of the Spanish Mediterranean coast.

² " We praise Thee," etc.

Of Spain than all their battles ! chains for him
 Who push'd his prows into the setting sun,
 And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,¹
 And came upon the Mountain of the World,
 And saw the rivers roll from Paradise !

Chains ! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we,
 We and our sons forever. Ferdinand
 Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic Queen²—
 Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals we—
 Our title, which we never mean to yield,
 Our guerdon³ not alone for what we did,
 But our amends for all we might have done—
 The vast occasion of our stronger life—
 Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,
 Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe
 Will suck in with his milk hereafter—earth
 A sphere.

Were *you* at Salamanca ?⁴ No.
 We fronted there the learning of all Spain,
 All their cosmogonies,⁵ their astronomies :
 Guess-work *they* guess'd it, but the golden guess
 Is morning-star to the full round of truth.
 No guess-work ! I was certain of my goal ;
 Some thought it heresy, but that would not hold.
 King David⁶ call'd the heavens a hide, a tent
 Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat :
 Some cited old Lactantius :⁷ could it be
 That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men
 Walk'd like the fly on ceilings ? and besides,

¹ reference to the wild stories told of the terrors of the Atlantic.

² Isabella.

³ reward.

⁴ famous old university city of Spain.

⁵ theories of the formation of the universe.

⁶ the Psalmist and warrior, King of Israel.

⁷ Christian father of high repute, who flourished in the early part of the fourth century.

The great Augustine ¹ wrote that none could breathe
 Within the zone of heat ; so might there be
 Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean
 Against God's word : thus was I beaten back,
 And chiefly to my sorrow by the Church,
 And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal
 Once more to France or England ; but our Queen
 Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses
 Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.

All glory to the all-blessed Trinity,
 All glory to the mother of our Lord,
 And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved
 Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy,
 I have accomplish'd what I came to do.

Not yet—not all—last night a dream—I sail'd
 On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights
 Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.
 The great flame-banner borne by Teneriffe,²
 The compass, like an old friend false at last
 In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind
 Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length
 The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,
 The carven staff—and last the light, the light
 On Guanahani !³ but I changed the name ;
 San Salvador I call'd it ; and the light
 Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky
 Of dawning over—not those alien palms,
 The marvel of that fair new nature—not
 That Indian isle, but our most ancient East
 Moriah⁴ with Jerusalem ; and I saw

¹ most illustrious Latin father of the Church, living in northern Africa. He died A.D. 430.

² an island of the Bahamas ; first land discovered by Columbus in the New World.

³ the peak of Teneriffe ; the famous volcano of the Canary Islands, now dormant.

⁴ hill in Jerusalem upon which the temple was built.

The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat
 Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,
 Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,
 Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,
 Jacynth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,¹
 Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—I shall die—
 I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life
 To walk within the glory of the Lord
 Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no !
 The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me
 To mind me of the secret vow I made
 When Spain was waging war against the Moor²—
 I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.
 There came two voices from the Sepulchre,
 Two friars crying that if Spain should oust
 The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce
 Soldan of Egypt, would break down and raze
 The blessed tomb of Christ ; whereon I vow'd
 That, if our Princes harken'd to my prayer,
 Whatever wealth I brought from that new world
 Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead
 A new crusade against the Saracen,³
 And free the Holy Sepulchre⁴ from thrall.⁵

Gold ? I had brought your Princes gold enough
 If left alone ! Being but a Genovese,
 I am handled worse than had I been a Moor,
 And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,⁶
 And given the Great Khan's⁷ palaces to the Moor,
 Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester John,⁸

¹ Rev. xxi. 21.

² Mohammedan occupants of Spain.

³ Mohammedan. ⁴ burial place of Jesus.

⁵ control by the Saracens.

⁶ name given by Marco Polo to Peking, China.

⁷ chief of Tartars, supposed to be converted by Prester John.

⁸ (Presbyter John); name given in the middle ages to a supposed Christian sovereign and priest of an empire in the interior of Asia.

And cast it to the Moor : but *had* I brought
 From Solomon's now-recovered Ophir¹ all
 The gold that Solomon's navies carried home,
 Would that have gilded *me*? Blue blood of Spain,
 Tho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain,
 I have not : blue blood and black blood of Spain,
 The noble and the convict of Castile,
 Howl'd me from Hispaniola ;² for you know
 The flies at home, that ever swarm about
 And cloud the highest heads, and murmur down
 Truth in the distance—these outbuzz'd me so
 That even our prudent king, our righteous queen—
 I pray'd them being so calumniated³
 They would commission one of weight and worth
 To judge between my slander'd self and me—
 Fonseca⁴ my main enemy at their court,
 They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla,⁵ one
 As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—
 Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—who sack'd
 My dwelling, seized upon my papers, loosed
 My captives, feed⁶ the rebels of the crown,
 Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave
 All but free leave for all to work the mines,
 Drove me and my good brothers home in chains,
 And gathering ruthless gold—a single piece
 Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castellanos⁷—so
 They tell me—weigh'd him down into the abysm⁸—
 The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,
 The seas of our discovering over-roll

¹ region frequently mentioned in the Old Testament, from which the ships of Solomon brought gold, precious stones, etc. Where it was, whether in India, Arabia, or on the east coast of Africa, is uncertain.

² "little Spain ;" name given to Haiti in West Indies.

³ falsely accused.

⁴ a bigoted Spanish prelate who opposed the enterprise of Columbus, and treated him with persistent malignity.

⁵ sent out in 1500 to ascertain the condition of the colony at San Domingo under Columbus.

⁶ bribed.

⁷ an ancient Spanish coin of small value.

⁸ bottomless depth.

Him and his gold ; the frailer caravel,¹
 With what was mine, came happily to the shore.
There was a glimmering of God's hand

And God

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O my lord,
 I swear to you I heard his voice between
 The thunders in the black Veragua² nights,
 "O soul of little faith, slow to believe !
 Have I not been about thee from thy birth ?
 Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea ?
 Set thee in light till time shall be no more ?
 Is it I who have deceived thee or the world ?
 Endure ! thou hast done so well for men, that men
 Cry out against thee : was it otherwise
 With mine own Son ?"

And more than once in days

Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope
 Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice,
 "Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,
 Fear not." And I shall hear his voice again—
 I know that he has led me all my life,
 I am not yet too old to work his will—
 His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord,

I lying here bedridden and alone,
 Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king—
 The first discoverer starves—his followers, all
 Flower into fortune—our world's way—and I,
 Without a roof that I can call mine own,
 With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,
 And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum

¹ sailing vessel, used by the Spanish and Portuguese in the time of Columbus.

² a region in the western part of the Isthmus of Panama, named by Columbus.

I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,
 Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain
 Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—
 Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,
 Their wives and children Spanish concubines,
 Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,
 Some dead of hunger, and some beneath the scourge,
 Some over-labor'd, some by their own hands,—
 Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill
 Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain—
 Ah God, the harmless people whom we found
 In Hispaniola's island-Paradise !
 Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,
 And we have sent them very fiends from Hell ;
 And I myself, myself not blameless, I
 Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen
 Smiles on me, saying, " Be thou comforted !
 This creedless people will be brought to Christ
 And own the holy governance of Rome."

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross
 Thither, were excommunicated¹ there,
 For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross,
 By him, the Catalonian Minorite,²
 Rome's Vicar in our Indies ? who believe
 These hard memorials of our truth to Spain
 Clung closer to us for a longer term
 Than any friend of ours at Court ? and yet
 Pardon—too harsh, unjust. I am rack'd with pains.

You see that I have hung them by my bed,
 And I will have them buried in my grave.

¹ expelled from the communion of the Church. ² member of the mendicant order of Franciscan Friars.

Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's
Own voice to justify the dead—perchance
Spain once the most chivalric race on earth,
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.
Then some one standing by my grave will say,
“Behold the bones of Christopher Colòn”—
“Ay, but the chains, what do *they* mean—the chains?”
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain
Who then will have to answer, “These same chains
Bound these same bones back thro’ the Atlantic sea,
Which he unchain’d for all the world to come.”

O Queen of Heaven who seest the souls in Hell
And purgatory, I suffer all as much
As they do—for the moment. Stay, my son
Is here anon : my son will speak for me
Abler than I can in these spasms that grind
Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.

You move about the Court, I pray you tell
King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one,
Whose life has been no play with him and his
Hidalgos¹—shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,
Mutinies, treacheries—wink’d at, and condoned—
That I am loyal to him till the death,
And ready—tho’ our Holy Catholic Queen,
Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,
Who wept with me when I return’d in chains,
Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,
To whom I send my prayer by night and day—

¹ Spanish gentlemen.

She is gone—but you will tell the King, that I,
Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrench'd with pains
Gain'd in the service of His Highness, yet
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,
And readier, if the King would hear, to lead
One last crusade against the Saracen,
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted : you have dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!
I am but an alien and a Genovese.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright
as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands
gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen :
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-
flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and
hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-
grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong
day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and
play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year :
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year.
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould and think no more of
me.

To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of
mind ;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossoms on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers : we had a merry day ;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of
May ;

And we danced about the may-pole and in the hazel copse,¹
Till Charles's Wain² came out above the tall white chimney-
tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills : the frost is on the pane :
I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again :
I wish the snow would melt and the sun come out on high :
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the
wave,

But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm-asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning
light

You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry dark wold³ the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the
pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly
laid.

I shall not forget you, mother, I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

¹ coppice ; thicket of bushes or small trees.

² seven principal stars in the constellation of Ursa Major ; also called the Great Dipper.

³ wood ; forest.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go ;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother, you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Tho' I cannot speak a word, I shall harken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for-
evermore,

And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing
green :

She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden-tools upon the granary floor :
Let her take 'em : they are hers : I shall never garden more :
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rosebush that I set
About the parlor-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of
peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there
O blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He taught me all the mercy, for he show'd me all the sin.
Now, tho' my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me
in :

Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning
meet :

But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began the roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here ;

With all my strength I pray'd for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was
said ;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, “It's not for them : it's
mine.”

And if it come three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven and die among the
stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There's many a worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may
shine—

Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—

Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan ? why make we such
ado ?

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.

DORA.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son :
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die :
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short :
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said :

“ You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time my father’s word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish ;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again.”
But William answer’d madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he look’d at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father’s house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he woo’d and wed
A laborer’s daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call’d
His niece and said : “ My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law.”
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
“ It cannot be : my uncle’s mind will change !”

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he pass’d his father’s gate,
Heart-broken, and his father help’d him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And look’d with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :
“ I have obey’d my uncle until now,
And I have sinn’d, for it was all thro’ me

This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you :
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy.
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart fail'd her ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound ;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer pass'd into the field
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said : " Where were you yesterday ?
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, " This is William's child !"
" And did I not," said Allan, " did I not
Forbid you, Dora ?" Dora said again :
" Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone !"
And Allan said, " I see it is a trick

Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you !
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
But you go hence, and never see me more.”

So saying, he took the boy that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bow'd upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bow'd down,
And wept in secret ; and the reapers reap'd,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, “ My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
He says that he will never see me more.”
Then answer'd Mary, “ This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
And I will beg of him to take thee back :
But if he will not take thee back again,
'Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us.”

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.
The door was off the latch : they peep'd, and saw

The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him : and the lad stretch'd out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:

“ O Father !—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know
The troubles I have gone thro' ! ' Then he turned
His face and pass'd—unhappy that I am !
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before.”

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—

“ I have been to blame—to blame. I have killed my
son.

I have kill'd him—but I loved him—my dear son.
May God forgive me !—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children.”

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times.

And all the man was broken with remorse;
 And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child
 Thinking of William.

. So those four abode
 Within one house together; and as years
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.¹

I.

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns," he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

II.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd:
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

¹ the poem celebrates the famous cavalry charge of the British at the battle of Balaklava, in the Crimean War, October 25, 1854.

III.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd :
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke ;
Cossack¹ and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thunder'd ;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,

¹ The Cossacks are tribes of southern and southeastern Russia, serving as cavalry in the Russian national army.

While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade ?
 O the wild charge they made !
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honor the charge they made !
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

THE DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW.

Lucknow, the capital of the province of Oudh, and the fourth largest city in British India, is about 600 miles northwest of Calcutta. In May, 1857, there was a mutiny of the Sepoys, or native soldiery. The foresight of Sir Henry Lawrence, the British officer in command at Lucknow, had fortified and garrisoned the Residency. An attempt to check the advance of the enemy was defeated, and the British were besieged for three months. Three times in succession the little garrison beat back the assaults of the enemy. They were relieved by Havelock and Outram September 25th, only to be again surrounded and besieged. They were finally relieved by Sir Colin Campbell November 17th.

This poem enshrines the gallant defence in splendid verse.

I.

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain,
 hast thou
 Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle-cry !
 Never with mightier glory than when we had rear'd thee on
 high
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow—

Shot thro' the staff or the halyard,¹ but ever we raised thee
anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

II.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held
with our lives—

Women and children among us, God help them, our children
and wives !

Hold it we might—and for fifteen days or for twenty at most.
“Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his
post !”

Voice of the dead whom we loved, our Lawrence the best, of
the brave :

Cold were his brows when we kiss'd him—we laid him that
night in his grave.

“Every man die at his post !” and there hail'd on our houses
and halls

Death from their rifle-bullets, and death from their cannon-
balls,

Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight
barricade,²

Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we
stooped to the spade,

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often
there fell,

Striking the hospital wall, crashing thro' it, their shot and
their shell,

Death—for their spies were among us, their marksmen were
told of our best,

So that the brute bullet broke thro' the brain that could
think for the rest ;

¹ rope for hoisting and lowering a flag.

² defensive fortification to check an enemy.

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain
at our feet—

Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us
round—

Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a
street,

Death from the heights of the mosque¹ and the palace, and
death in the ground !

Mine? yes, a mine !² Countermine !³ down, down ! and creep
thro' the hole !

Keep the revolver in hand ! you can hear him—the murder-
ous mole !

Quiet, ah ! quiet—wait till the point of the pickaxe be thro' !
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than
before—

Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew !

III.

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced
on a day

Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echo'd
away,

Dark thro' the smoke and the sulphur like so many fiends in
their hell—

Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell—
Fiercely on all the defences our myriad enemy fell.

What have they done ? where is it ? Out yonder. Guard
the Redan !

Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the Bailey-gate ! storm,
and it ran

¹ Mohammedan temple of worship.

² a pit and gallery sunk in the earth, in the attack or defence of a fortified place, in order to blow up the works of an enemy, is called a mine.

³ one dug to destroy a mine is called a countermine.

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drown'd by the
tide—

So many thousands that if they be bold enough, who shall
escape ?

Kill or be kill'd, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers
and men !

Ready ! take aim at their leaders—their masses are gapp'd
with our grape—

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging
forward again,

Flying and foil'd at the last by the handful they could not
subdue ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

IV.

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in
limb,

Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to
endure,

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him;
Still—could we watch at all points ? we were every day fewer
and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that past;
“Children and wives—if the tigers leap into the fold
unawares—

Every man die at his post—and the foe may outlive us at
last—

Better to fall by the hands that they love, than to fall into
theirs !”

Roar upon roar in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades.¹

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as
true !

¹ fortification consisting of a row of strong stakes or posts set firmly in the ground.

Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades¹—

Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand-grenades;²

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

V.

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore

Clean from our lines of defence ten or twelve good paces or more. Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun—

One has leapt up on the breach, crying out: “Follow me, follow me!”—

Mark him—he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he.

Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors—an embrasure!³ make way for the gun!

Now double-charge it with grape!⁴ It is charged and we fire, and they run.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due!

Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us, faithful and few,

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote them, and slew,

That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

¹ Simultaneous discharges of firearms on the flanks or sides.

² hollow balls of iron or other metal filled with powder, to be thrown from the hand amidst an enemy, when ignited by means of a fuse.

³ opening in a wall or parapet for a cannon to fire through.

⁴ cluster of iron balls loosely held together, to be discharged from a cannon.

VI.

Men will forget what we suffer and not what we do. We can
fight ;

But to be soldier all day and be sentinel all thro' the night—
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms,
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and sound-
ings to arms,

Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes
around,

Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the
ground,

Heat like the mouth of a hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English
field,

Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be
heal'd,

Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain,—for it never could save us a
life.

Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,
Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for
grief,

Toil and ineffable¹ weariness, faltering hopes of relief,
Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butcher'd for all that we knew—
Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the
still-shatter'd walls

Millions of musket-bullets, and thousands of cannon-balls—
But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England
blew.

¹ unspeakable.

VII.

Hark cannonade, fusillade ! is it true what was told by the
scout,
Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell
mutineers ?
Surely the pibroch¹ of Europe is ringing again in our
ears !
All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout,
Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering
cheers,
Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come
out,
Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good
fusileers,
Kissing the war-harden'd hand of the Highlander wet with
their tears !
Dance to the pibroch !—saved ! we are saved !—is it you ? is
it you ?
Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of
Heaven !
“ Hold it for fifteen days ! ” we have held held it for eighty-
seven !
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England
blew.

LADY CLARE.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

¹ wild species of music peculiar to the Highlands of Scotland.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long-betroth'd were they :
They too will wed the morrow morn :
God's blessing on the day !

“ He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well,” said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, “ Who was this that went from thee ? ”
“ It was my cousin,” said Lady Clare,
“ To-morrow he weds with me.”

“ O God be thank'd ! ” said Alice the nurse,
“ That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are *not* the Lady Clare.”

“ Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse ? ”
Said Lady Clare, “ that ye speak so wild ? ”
“ As God's above,” said Alice the nurse,
“ I speak the truth : you are my child.

“ The old Earl's daughter died at my breast ;
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead.”

“ Falsely, falsely have ye done,
“ O mother,” she said, “ if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald’s,
When you are man and wife.”

“If I’m a beggar born,” she said,
“I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off, the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by.”

“Nay now, my child,” said Alice the nurse,
“But keep the secret all ye can.”
She said, “Not so : but I will know
If there be any faith in man.”

“Nay now, what faith ?” said Alice the nurse,
“The man will cleave unto his right.”
“And he shall have it,” the lady replied,
“Tho’ I should die to-night.”

“Yet give one kiss to your mother dear !
Alas, my child, I sinn’d for thee.”
“O mother, mother, mother,” she said,
“So strange it seems to me.

“Yet here’s a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go.”

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare :
She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair. . .

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Lept up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower :
“ O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth ? ”

“ If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are :
I am a beggar born,” she said,
“ And not the Lady Clare.”

“ Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ For I am yours in word and in deed.
Play me no tricks,” said Lord Ronald,
“ Your riddle is hard to read.”

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail :
She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn :
He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood :
“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the next in blood—

“ If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “ the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare.”

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

BREAK, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot ¹ and hern,²
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker ³ down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,⁴ a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

¹ short-tailed water fowl.

² heron; a wading bird with long legs.

³ run swiftly with a babbling sound.

⁴ hamlets ; villages.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland¹ set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,²

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

¹ projecting point of land ; cape.

² fish of the salmon family, having back and sides of a silvery-gray color.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows ;
 I make the netted sunbeam dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses ;
 I linger by my shingly bars ;¹
 I loiter round my cresses ;²

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

BUGLE SONG.³

THE splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !

¹ shallow places of gravel and pebbles.

² watercresses, growing in the water.

³ This and the two following lyrical selections are from "The Princess."

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

WIDOW AND CHILD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry :
All her maidens, watching, said,
“She must weep or she will die.”

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe ;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face ;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.”

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

“TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

“Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

“Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken’d birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

“Dear as remember’d kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign’d
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.”

I ENVY NOT.¹

I ENVY not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods :

¹ This and the two following selections are from “In Memoriam,” that elegiac treasury in which the poet has stored the grief and meditation of many years after the death of his friend Arthur Hallam ; a series of pathetic, melodious lyrics, remarkable for range of thought and depth of feeling.

I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of time,
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;
I feel it, when I sorrow most ;
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

OH YET WE TRUST.

OH yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood ;

That nothing walks with aimless feet ;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

The wish, that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul ?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life ;

That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light :
The year is dying in the night ;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
The year is going, let him go ;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more ;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

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